A POETICAL, SERIOUS,

AND POSSIBLY IMPERTINENT,

EPISTLE TO THE POPE.

ALSO,

A PAIR OF ODES TO HIS HOLINESS,

ON HIS KEEPING A DISORDERLY HOUSE;

WITH

A PRETTY LITTLE ODE TO INNOCENCE.

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQUIRE.

—*Paulo majora canamus.* VIRG.

To Kings and Courtiers we have chirrup'd long—
Muse, give we now His HOLINESS a Song.

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Wolcot, John

PROLOGUE TO THE EPISTLE.

"A CAT may look upon a King;"
So ſays the proverb! and the proverb's right;
For Monarch now is prov'd a *human* thing;
Although it lifts its noſe to ſuch a height.
The *Lord's anointed* is an antique phraſe,
Left out by Dictionaries of our days.
King-making unto *man* is juſtly giv'n—
Once the great perquiſite indeed of *Heav'n.*
I ſay, a Cat may look upon a King—
But foreign Potentates ſay, "No ſuch thing."
SICILIA's King, replete with *right divine,*
Thinks he may hunt his ſubjects like his ſwine;

And other Continental Kings, beſide,
For glory and blood-royal all agog,
Think they may hunt a ſubject like a hog;
This mortifies of us *ſmall rogues* the pride.
What hurts me more, and both my eyes expands,
And lifts with horror from my head, my wig,
Thoſe birth-puff'd Kings of foreign lands,
To *common* Chriſtians, have *preferr'd* the Pig!

A dead pig, to be ſure, is better cutting
Than a dead Chriſtian—handſomer for treating;
But both alive—how diff'rent in their nature!
Man ſurely is the much ſublimer creature.

Since cats may look upon a King, I hope,
A Bard may write a letter to a Pope,
Though hand and glove with Heav'n—a great connexion!
Who deals for ſouls, ſalvations from his wallet,
As from their ſhops, green-grocers, for the palate,
Deal garden-ſtuff of all complexion;

And ſells a good ſnug ſeat amidſt the ſkies,
To any wicked Gentleman that dies;
As unto John, Sir Will, my Lord, his Grace,
Great Madam SCWHELLENBERGEN *gives* a place;
A cook-like Dame, who underſtands place-carving,
And ſaves *ſuch worthy* families from ſtarving.

So much for Prologue to my POPE's Epiſtle;
To which his Holineſs may cry, "Go—whiſtle."
Perchance his Holineſs may alſo add,
"P—x take me, PETER, if you ar'nt too bad:
"Dare fix thine impious foot on my dominions,
"I'll *pay* thee for epiſtles and opinions."
Well then, ſince things are *bonâ fide* ſo,
And DANGER with his poniard lurks at Rome,
I'll not ſet off to kiſs your Worſhip's toe;
But wave the glory, and remain at home.

A SERIOUS,

THOUGH POSSIBLY IMPERTINENT,

EPISTLE TO THE POPE.

WHILE FRANCE, for freedom mad, invades thy rights,
And pours her millions o'er the world, like mites;
Knocks the poor growling German o'er the ſnout,
And threatens hard the man of cheeſe and grout;
Gives poor SARDINIA'S MONARCH a black eye,
And makes the Nimrod KING of NAPLES cry;
What's worſe too, threatens poor LORETTO'S ſhrine,
Where the good Virgin goes each day ſo * fine,
Threatens to tear the muſlins from her head,
And put the † cap of flannel in its ſtead;
Where is th' Almighty's Man, the Church's hope,
Prince of ſalvation, Peter's heir, the POPE?
O thou, the true deſcendant of Saint Peter,
In very anger, lo, I pen this metre!

* She has a dreſs for every day in the year.

† The cap of Liberty.

There

There was a time when Popes behav'd with ſpirit—
But nought, ſave indolence, doſt thou inherit.
Go, ope thy churches, convents, all thy chapels,
Since Atheiſm with the true Religion grapples;
Think of thy Anceſtors ſo great of yore,
And bid thy noble Bull as uſual roar;
They whoſe ſtern looks could make an Emp'ror cow'r,
And Kings like ſchoolboys ſhudder at their pow'r.
Moſt dangerous are the times—I ſcorn to flatter—
Then ope thy cataracts of holy water;
Gather thy crucifixes, wood, braſs, ſtones;
Bid the dark catacombs diſgorge their bones;
Create new regiments of Saints for fight;
And chace the gathering gloom of Pagan night,
See * FRANCE againſt her RIGHTFUL LORD rebel!
And ſee! her SATAN baniſh'd from his hell!
Blind wretch! now juſtly ſuff'ring for her evil!
For what are States, without a KING and DEVIL?
A pair ſo ſweetly ſuited to controul!
Th' inſurgent body, one; and one, the ſoul.
To thee (thy ſlaves) the Miracles belong;
As Muſic waits on LADY MARY's tongue,
Humility on K——, void of art—
As melting mercy *hangs* on B——'s heart.
If marvels by thine anceſtors were done,
Why not perform'd, in God's name, by the ſon?
As BECKET, that good Saint, ſublimely rode,
Thoughtleſs of inſult, through the town of STRODE,
What did the Mob?—Attack'd his horſe's rump,
And cut the tail ſo flowing, to the ſtump:
What does the Saint?—Quoth he, "For this vile trick,
"The town of STRODE ſhall heartily be ſick."

* The Author here does not mean to treat with unfeeling ridicule the fate of the unfortunate LOUIS, but merely to notice the extinction of Monarchy and Religion in France.

And,

And lo, by pow'r divine a curſe prevails!
The babes of STRODE are born with horſes tails?

Lodg'd in the talons of a famiſh'd kite,
And juſt about to bid the world good night,
A gentle Goſlin on SAINT THOMAS call'd!
At once the feather'd Tyrant look'd appall'd;
Sudden his iron claw grew nerveleſs, looſe,
And dropp'd the ſweet believing Babe of Gooſe.
Such was the pow'r of Saints, though dead and rotten,
By thee (one verily would think) forgotten:
Then, prithee, do at once thy beſt endeavour,
As all the Saints are wonderful as ever.
SAINT DUNSTAN can'd the DEVIL, the ſtory goes,
And pinch'd with red-hot tongs the IMP's black noſe—
In vain he ſwore, and roar'd, and danc'd about—
Sore was his back, and roaſted was his ſnout.
The pow'r he boaſted, to his bones is giv'n:
Such is the gift of SAINTS, when lodg'd in Heav'n.

Hear with what blaſphemy this FRANCE behaves!
" ROME, I deſpiſe thee: all thy Popes are knaves;
" Thy Cardinals and Prieſts the earth encumber—
" Avaunt the Saints, and all ſuch holy lumber!
" Chop off their heads; away the legs and toes:
" Away the wonder-working tooth and noſe:
" Away the wonder-working eyes and tears,
" The vile impoſture of a thouſand years!
" Calves heads, pigs pettitoes, perform as well,
" Raiſe from the dead, and plagues and devils expel.
" Saint GENEVIEVE no longer is divine—
" The wiſe Pariſians mock her worm-gnaw'd ſhrine;
" Whoſe coffin planks that could ſuch awe inſpire,
" May go to light the kitchen-wench's fire.
" Saint Jail, Saint Whip, Saint Guillotine, Saint Rope,
" Poſſeſs (we think) more virtue than the POPE.

" My

" My woolcomber, my ſadler, and my hatter,
" No more Saint Blaize, Saint James, Saint Saviour
" ſlatter:
" My carpenter, my farrier, and my furrier,
" My fiſhmonger, my butcher, baker, currier,
" And eke a hundred trades beſides, no more
" Bow to thoſe marvel-mongers, and adore *.
" Hang *me*," the Barber cries, " if I'm the fool
" To trim for nought the Virgin Mary's poll!
" Burn me," cries Criſpin, " if I don't refuſe
" To find the Gentlewoman in her ſhoes!"
" Curſe me," the Mercer cries, " if *I* give gowns,
" To be the laughing-ſtock of all our towns!
" Damn me," the Hoſier roars, " if 'tis not ſhocking,
" That I ſhould give the woman's legs a ſtocking!
" And why," the linen man exclaims, " a pox,
" Should I, forſooth, be forc'd to find her ſmocks?
" No more ſhall bumpkins near the altar place
" Fair veal and mutton, for th' Almighty's grace;
" Grace to increaſe the loves of bulls and rams,
" And make more families of calves and lambs;
" No more ſhall capons too for grace be ſwapp'd,
" By prieſts ador'd, and in a twinkling ſnapp'd.
" My bumpkins, once ſuch fools, think wiſer now,
" That God without *their* aid can *bleſs* the cow,
" With due fertility the poultry keep,
" And kindle love ſufficient for the ſheep.
" On their paſt folly with amaze they ſtare,
" And mock the ſolemn mummery of pray'r;
" No more on ANTHONY's once hallow'd feaſt
" The horſe and aſs ſhall travel to be bleſt;
" No more ſhall HODGE's prong and ſhovel ſtart,
" Boot, ſaddle, bridle, wheelbarrow, and cart;

* Every trade has its Saints.

" No

" No more in Lent ſhall wiſer Frenchmen ſtarve,
" While God affords them a good fowl to carve.
" Away with faſts—a *fool* could only hatch 'em—
" Frenchmen, eat fowls, wherever you can catch 'em.
" Let not the fear of hell your jaws controul—
" A capon (truſt me) never damn'd a ſoul.
" Heav'n kindly ſends to man the things man chooſes;
" And he's an impious blockhead who refuſes.
" Melt all the bells to cannon with their grace;
" And, 'ſtead of Demons, let them Auſtrians chace.
" Away with relicks, holy water, oils,
" At which CREDULITY herſelf recoils!
" Lo, KELLERMAN'S and CUSTINE'S gun-clad pow'r
" Will do more wonders with their iron ſhow'r,
" Than all the Saints and croſſes of the nation,
" Since Saints and croſſes grew a fooliſh faſhion.
" Let crucibles and crucifixes join,
" And ſilver Saints perform their feats in *coin*;
" Make a good rubber of the Virgin's wig—
" Out with her ear-rings, and the Dame unrig;
" Sell off her gowns and petticoats of gold!
" A piece of timber need not fear the cold.
" Out with the Prieſts, to luſt's wild frenzy fed,
" Who put the bridegroom and the bride to bed;
" One eye to Heav'n with ſanctity applied,
" The other leering on the bluſhful Bride;
" Who loads her in hot fancy with careſſes,
" And cuckolds the poor bridegroom as he bleſſes!
" Periſh the maſſes for a burning ſoul,
" That never yet extinguiſh'd half a coal!
" No more for ſins let pilgrims viſit Rome—
" Th' Almighty can forgive a rogue at home.
" Strike me that purgatory from our creed—
" Heav'n wants not fire to clarify the dead.
" Break me old JANUARIUS's bottle;
" And let CONTEMPT the old impoſtor throttle!

" A truce to pray'rs for Saints in Heav'n to hear—
" 'Tis idle—ſince not one of them is there.
" Away with benedictions—canting matter!
" A horſepond is as good as holy water.
" Unveil the Nuns, and *uſeful* make their charms;
" And let their priſon be a *Lover*'s arms.
" I ſcout your Porter PETER, and his keys,
" That ope to ev'ry rogue a POPE ſhall pleaſe.
" Avaunt the inſtitutions that *enſlave!*
" The man who thought of marriage was a knave;
" Rais'd a huge cannon againſt human bliſs,
" And ſpoil'd that firſt of joys, the rapt'rous kiſs;
" Delicious novelty from BEAUTY drove,
" And made the gloomy ſtate the tomb of LOVE;
" To *diſcord* turning what had *charm'd* the ear:
" Converting Burgundy, to four ſmall-beer.
" Thus from his bright domain a SUN is hurl'd,
" To gild a pin-hole, that ſhould light a world.
" Exulting REASON from her bondage ſprings,
" Claims Heav'n's wide range, and ſpreads her eagle
" wings;
" While SUPERSTITION, lodg'd with bats and owls,
" With HORROR, and the hopeleſs maniac, howls."
Thus crieth FRANCE!

Thus INFIDELITY walks bold abroad,
And, 'ſtead of FAITH, the Cherub, ſee a *toad!*
Such is th' impiety of FRANCE, alas!
And ſhall ſuch blaſphemy unpuniſh'd paſs?
No!—for the honour of RELIGION, riſe,
And flaſh conviction on their miſcreant eyes.
The French are devils—devils—downright devils;
In heavenly wheat, accurs'd deſtructive weevils!
Abominations! atheiſts, to a man;
Rogues that convert the fineſt flour to bran;
In VICE's drunken cup for ever guzzling;
Juſt like the hogs in mud uncleanly nuzzling.

I know

I know the raſcals have a ſin *in petto*,
To rob the holy Lady of Loretto;
Attack her temple with their guns, ſo warriſh,
And thruſt the Gentlewoman on the pariſh—
A Lady all ſo graceful, gay, and rich,
With gems and wonders lodg'd in every ſtitch.
Heir of SAINT PETER, kindle then thine ire,
And bid FRANCE feel thy apoſtolic fire;
Think of the quantity of ſacred wood
Thy treaſuries can launch into the flood;
What ſhips the holy manger can create!
At leaſt a dozen of the largeſt rate—
And, lo, enough of ſweet SAINT MARTHA's hair,
To rig this dozen mighty ſhips of war.
Our SAVIOUR's pap-ſpoon, that a world adores,
Would make a hundred thouſand pair of oars.
Gather the ſtones that knock'd down poor SAINT STEPHEN,
And fling at Frenchmen in the name of Heav'n;
Bring forth the thouſands of SAINT CATHERINE's nails,
That ev'ry convent, church, and chapel hails—
For ſtorms, uncork the bottled ſighs of Martyrs,
And blow the rogues to earth's remoteſt quarters.
Such relicks, of good mother CHURCH the pride,
How would they currycomb a Frenchman's hide!
Son of the Church, again I ſay, ariſe,
And flaſh new marvels in their ſinner's eyes;
With teeth and jawbones on thy holy back,
Thumbs, fingers, knucklebones, to fill a ſack;
With joints of rump and loins, and heels and toes,
Begin thy march, and meet thy atheiſt foes:
Struck with a panic ſhall the villains leap,
And fly thy preſence, like a flock of ſheep.
Thus ſhall the Rebels to RELIGION yield,
And thou with holy triumph keep the field.

Thus

Thus in Jamaica, once upon a time,
(Ah! well remember'd by the man of rhime!)
QUAKO, high prieſt of all the Negro nation,
And full of Negro faith in conjuration,
Loaded his jackaſs deep with wonder-bags
Of monkeys teeth, glaſs, horſe-hair, and red * rags;
When forth they march'd—a goodly, ſolemn pace,
To pour deſtruction on the Chriſtian race;
To ſend the huſbands to the infernal ſhades,
Hug their dear wives, and raviſh the fair maids;
To bring God MUMBO JUMBO into vogue,
And ſanctify the names of wh— and rogue!
By FORTUNE's foot behold the ſcheme disjointed;
And, lo, the BLACK APOSTLE, diſappointed!
But mark! this diff'rence, to the world's ſurpriſe,
Between your HOLINESS and QUAKO lies:
O'er FRANCE (no more an unbelieving foe,
Who bought thy reliques, and ador'd thy toe)
Divine dominion ſhalt thou ſtretch, O POPE,
While luckleſs QUAKO only ſtretch'd—a *rope*.

Where is the Prieſt that cannot curſe a rat,
A weaſel, locuſt, graſshopper, and gnat?
If *journeymen* can curſe the reptile clan,
The maſter certainly can curſe a *man*.
Father of Miracles, then ſtir thy ſtumps,
And break the legs of SIN, that takes ſuch jumps;
Fall not upon thy face, and cur-like yelp;
And, panting, panic-ſtricken, cry—"God help!"
To ſhow that pray'r alone will not avail,
The Muſe ſhall finiſh with a well-known tale.

* Theſe little bags are called by the Negroes, *Obia*, and are ſuppoſed to be poſſeſſed of great witchcraft virtues.

THE

WAGGONER AND JUPITER.

A LUCKLESS waggon roll'd into a ſlough—
CLOD ſcratch'd his head, and growl'd, and knit his brow;
  But what avail'd it?—Faſt the waggon lay—
Now CLOD imagin'd, like an idle lout,
A pray'r or two might help the priſ'ner out;
  Then unto JUPITER he howl'd away.

"How now! you lazy lubber!" cried the God—
"Clap to the wheel your ſhoulder, Maſter CLOD;
  "And (mind me), let your horſes be well flogg'd.—"
CLOD took th' advice, exerted all his ſtrength:
The waggon mov'd, and mov'd; and, lo, at length,
  Forc'd from the quagmire, on again it jogg'd.

Such is the ſimple tale, O man of God!
Go thou, and imitate the bumpkin CLOD.
  I do not call your HOLINESS a *lubber;*
But let me tell thee, in an eaſy way,
Contrive with ſkill this *game of Saints* to play;
  Thou'lt beat thy anceſtors, and win the rubber.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

Juſt as I had finiſhed my Epiſtle, it ſtruck me that his Holineſs kept a bad *houſe at Rome—Marvelling Reader, nothing leſs than a large B-wdy Houſe, from which he derives an immenſity of* impure *emolument: ſo that this great Son of the Church, God's Vicegerent on earth, taxes female fleſh, winks at fornication, and conſequently promotes the cauſe of carnality. Thus is a great commandment broken, and laſciviouſneſs become ſanctioned by the Succeſſor of the Apoſtolic* PETER. *From this ſad circumſtance probably the Bone, Wood, and Metal Conductors of Miracles, like the Electric Machine in foul weather, will not anſwer ſo well; and conſequently a diſappointment may attend the experiments. The Bard therefore wiſhing the Moral Hemiſphere to be as clear as poſſible, very properly addreſſes a pair of reprimanding Odes to his Holineſs on the occaſion, in ſanguine hopes of a reformation.*

O D E.

LET me confeſs that Beauty is delicious:
To claſp it in our arms, is nice—but vicious;
That is to ſay, *unlawful* hugs—careſſes
Which want thoſe bonds which God Almighty bleſſes.
I do not ſay that we ſhould not *embrace:*
We *may*—but then it ſhould be done with *grace;*
The fleſh ſhould ſcarce be thought of—there's the merit:
Sweet are the palpitations of the ſpirit!
Pure are indeed the kiſſes of th' upright;
So ſimple, meek, and ſanctified, and ſlight!

Good

Good men ſo *ſoftly* preſs the virgin lip!
But *wicked* man! what does he, carnal wretch,
With all his horſe-like paſſions on full ſtretch?
The mouth, ſweet cup of kiſſes, ſcorns to *ſip*—

But with the ſpicy nectar waxing warm,
The knave gets drunk upon the pouting charm;
Seizes the damſel round the waiſt ſo handy;
And, as I've ſaid before, gets drunk, the beaſt,
Like Aldermen, the gutlers, at a feaſt:
For Ladies' lips are cherries ſteep'd in brandy.

The flaxen ringlets, and the ſwelling breaſt;
The cheek of bloom; the lip, delightful neſt
Of balmy kiſſes, moiſt with rich deſires;
The burning bluſhes; and the panting heart;
The yielding wiſhes that the eyes impart,
Oft' in our boſom kindle glaſs-houſe fires.

Oh! ſhun the tempting nets that Satan ſpins!
The higheſt pleaſures are the deepeſt ſins!
Woman's a lovely animal, 'tis true—
Too well, indeed, the lawleſs paſſions know it:
Unbridled rogues, that wild the charm purſue,
And madly with the ſcythe of ruin mow it—

Thus giving it of death the wicked wound—
A tender flow'r ſtretch'd ſweetly on the ground!

"Ware lark," the Sportſman to his pointer cries;
Deſigning him for partridge—nobler game.
As the ſoul's partridge is the ſkies,
"Ware girl," ſhould PIETY exclaim.

Bleſt is the ſimple man by virtue ſway'd,
Who wiſhful burns not for the blooming maid;
Whoſe pulſes calm as ſleeping puppies lie;
Who ruſheth not to prey upon her charms,
Full of Love's mad emotions, mad alarms,
Juſt like a famiſh'd ſpider on a fly,

That

That in the tyrant's claws reſigns its breath,
Unhappy humming till it ſleeps in death.

Bleſt is the man who marks the cherry lip,
And ſigheth not the nectar'd ſweets to ſip,
Now preſs the heaving hills of pureſt ſnow;
Who marks the love-alluring waiſt ſo taper,
Without one wiſh, or pulſe's ſingle caper,
And to his hurrying paſſions cries out, "No!"
"Stop, if you pleaſe, young imps, your hot career,
"And ſhun the precipice of fate ſo near;
"Draw in, or, with the horſes of the Sun,
"You drive, like Phaeton, to be undone."

O POPE, I've heard that, when a Friar,
(And FAME, in this, is not a liar)
Thou oft didſt ſmuggle beauty to thy cell,
And, ſtead of flogging thy own ſinful back,
Didſt give a ſweet Italian girl the ſmack—
The *ſmacks* indeed of Love that lead to Hell!

And lo, thou ſinner, POPE, inſtead
Of counting ev'ry ſacred bead,
Thou wickedly didſt count the damſel's charms:
Inſtead of claſping the moſt holy croſs,
Such was of ſanctity thy loſs,
Thou ſqueezed'ſt mortal limbs amid thy arms:
Inſtead of kiſſing the moſt ſacred wood,
Lo, were thy lips defil'd by fleſh and blood.

Inſtead of pſalmody, the ſkies to greet,
In ſinful catches didſt thou deal, and glee;
And lo, to put the angels in a ſweat,
Thou dandled'ſt the young harlot on thy knee,
Singing that wanton ſong of ſhame,
"A lovely laſs to a friar came!"

Inſtead of begging gracious Heav'n,
For all thy ſins to be forgiv'n,

For

Ready wert thou to manufacture more!
Thy paſſions, ev'ry one a mutineer,
Juſt like a caſk of cyder, ale, or beer,
Fermenting, frothing, friſking, foaming o'er.

The ſongs of harlots to thine ear,
So full of witchery, were dear,
And boſom of deſire that hook'd thine eye!
Dear as an execution to a JUDGE,
A well-known wight who ſeems to grudge
Life and enjoyment to a fly;
Who fond of hanging, robs the very cats,
And on a gibbet mounts his captive rats
And moles,
To look like dangling men and maids, poor ſouls!

Inſtead of loudly crying, "Let us pray,"
Thou in thy twilight cell ſo ſnug,
Didſt to an armfull of rich beauty ſay—
In whiſper ſoft, "BETTINA, let us hug."
Inſtead of turning *upwards* thy two eyes
Devoutly, for a bleſſing from the ſkies;
What was thy moſt unhallow'd action? Oh?
Vile didſt thou caſt thoſe eyes on *things* below.

ODE II.

THE world was never wickeder than now—
Wedlock abus'd—her bond pronounc'd a jail;
A wife call'd vilely 'ev'ry body's cow,
'A caniſter, or bone to a dog's tail!'
What dare not knaves of this degenerate day,
Of marriage, decent hallow'd marriage ſay?
"Wedlock's a heavy piece of beef, the rump!
"Returns to table, haſh'd and ſtew'd, and fry'd,
"And in the ſtomach, much to lead ally'd,
"A hard unpleaſant undigeſted lump:

"But fornication ev'ry man enjoys—
"A ſmart anchovy ſandwich—that ne'er cloys—
"A *bonne bouche* men are ready to *devour*—
"Swallowing a neat half dozen in an hour.
"Wedlock," they cry, "is a hard pinching boot,
"But fornication is an eaſy ſhoe—
"The firſt won't ſuit;
"It won't do.

"A girl of pleaſure's a light fowling-piece—
"With this you follow up your game with eaſe;
"That heavy lump, a *wife*, (confound her!)
"Makes the bones crack,
"And ſeems upon the ſportſman's breaking back,
"A lumb'ring eighteen pounder.

"*One* is a ſummer-houſe, ſo neat and trim,
"To viſit afternoons for PLEASURE's whim;
"So airy, like a butterfly ſo light;
"The *other*, an old caſtle with huge walls—
"Where MELANCHOLY mopes amid the halls,
"Wrapp'd in the doleful duſky veil of NIGHT."

Then,

Then, POPE, on fornication turn thy back:
Oh, let it feel the thunder of attack!
Moſt dangerous is this habit, Sir, of ſinning:
Hang all the Bawds; for where's a greater vice,
Than taking in young creatures, all ſo nice?
And yet to them, 'tis merely knitting, ſpinning—
No more!
Although the innocent is made a wh—.

With juſt as much *ſang froid*, as at their ſhops
The butchers ſell rump-ſteaks, or mutton-chops,
Or cooks ſerve up a fiſh, with ſkill diſplay'd,
So an old Abbeſs for the rattling Rakes,
A tempting diſh of human nature makes,
And dreſſes up a luſcious Maid:
I rather ſhould have ſaid, indeed, *un*dreſſes,
To pleaſe a youth's unſanctified careſſes.

Thus, in the practices of fleſhly evil,
They're off upon a gallop to the devil;
Yet deem themſelves, poor dupes, cockſure of Heav'n
As though Salvation could to bawds be giv'n,
To jades encouraging thoſe rebel fires,
Pepper'd propenſities, and ſalt deſires;
Curs'd by the Bible, if we truſt tranſlators;
Which ſayeth, "Woe be to all fornicators!"

At Rome, each hour, are horrid actions done!
By *thee* approv'd, thou dar'ſt not, POPE, deny:
Yes, yes, the lawleſs places are well known,
Where youth for venal pleaſures madly fly,
Bargain for beauteous charm, and pick, and cull it,
As at a Poulterer's *Betty* turns a pullet.

I like examples of a wicked act—
Take therefore, Reader, from the Bard a fact.

An old *Procureſs* groaning, ſighing, dying,
A rake-hell enters the old Beldame's room—
" Hæ, mother! thinking on the day of doom?
" Hæ—dam'me, ſlabb'ring, whining, praying, cry-
" ing?
" Well, mother! what young filly haſt thou got,
" To give a gentleman a little trot?"

" O Captain, pray, your idle nonſenſe ceaſe,
" And let a poor old ſoul depart in peace!
" What wicked things the dev'l puts in your head!
" Where can you hope to go, when you are dead?"

" How now, old Beldame?—ſhamming Heav'n with
" praying!
" Come, come, to bus'neſs—don't keep ſuch a braying—
" Let's ſee your ſtuff—come, Beldame, ſhow your ware—
" Some little Phillis, freſh from country air."

" O Captain, how *unpiouſly* you prate!
" Well, well, I ſee there's no reſiſting fate;
" Go, go to the next room, and there's a bed—
" And ſuch a charming creature in't—ſuch grace!
" Such ſweet ſimplicity! and *ſuch* a face!—
" Captain, you are a devil—you are, indeed.

" I thank my ſtars that nought *my* conſcience twits;
" Which to my parting ſoul doth joy afford;
" O Captain! Captain! what, for nice young *Tits*,
" What will you do, when I am with the LORD?"

REFLECTION.

Such was the fact? thus was this Bawd perſuaded,
Heav'n's maſſy door would not be barricaded!
Sure, in her mind, that PETER would unlock it!
Thus had her ſoul thy paſſport in its pocket.

Though

Though the Author has ſo ſeverely reprimanded HIS HOLINESS *for his incontinency, he, with the utmoſt candour, ſuſpecteth his own frailty.*

ODE TO INNOCENCE.

O NYMPH of meek and bluſhful mien,
Lone wand'rer of the rural ſcene,
Who loveſt not the city's buſtling ſound,
But in the ſtill and ſimple vale
Art pleas'd to hear the Turtle's tale,
'Mid the gay minſtrelſy that floats around!

Now on the bank, amid the ſunny beam,
I ſee thee mark the natives of the ſtream,
That break the dimpling ſurface with delight;
Now ſee thee pitying a poor captive Fly,
Snapp'd from the lov'd companions of his joy,
And, ſwallow'd, ſink beneath the gulph of *night*.

Now ſee thee, in the humming golden hour,
Obſervant of the Bee, from flow'r to flow'r,
That loads with varied balm his little thighs,
To guard againſt chill winter's famiſh'd day,
When rains deſcend, and clouds obſcure the ray,
And tempeſts pour their thunder through the ſkies.

Now ſee thee happy, with the ſweeteſt ſmile,
Attentive ſtretch'd along the fragrant ſoil;
Beholding the ſmall myriads of the plain,
The piſmires, ſome upon their ſunny hills,
Some thirſty wand'ring to the cryſtal rills,
Some loaded bringing back the ſnowy grain;

So

So like the lab'ring ſwains, who yet look down
Contemptuous on their toils and tiny town!
Now ſee thee playful chace the child of ſpring,
The winnowing Butterfly with painted wing,
That buſy flickers on from bloom to bloom;
Purſuing wildly now a fav'rite FAIR,
Circling amid the golden realms of air,
And leaving, all for *love*, the pea's perfume.

Now ſee thee peeping on the ſecret neſt,
Where ſits the parent WREN in patient reſt;
While at her ſide her feather'd Partner ſings;
Chaunts his ſhort note, to charm her nurſing day;
Now for his loves purſues his airy way,
And now with food returns on cheerful wings.

Pleas'd could I ſit with thee, O nymph ſo ſweet,
And hear the happy flocks around thee *bleat*;
And mark their ſkipping ſports along the land;
Now hear thee to a fav'rite lambkin ſpeak,
Who wanton ſtretches forth his woolly neck,
And plucks the fragrant herbage from thy hand.

Thus could I dwell with thee for many an hour:
Yet, ſhould a rural VENUS from her bow'r
Step forth with boſom bare, and beaming eye,
And flaxen locks, luxuriant roſe-clad cheek,
And purple lip, and dimpled chin ſo ſleek,
And archly heave the love-ſeducing ſigh;

And cry, "Come hither, ſwain—be not afraid;
"Embrace the *wild*, and quit the *ſimple* maid"—
I *verily* believe that I ſhould *go*:
Yet, parting, ſhould I ſay to thee, "Farewell—
"I cannot help it—WITCHCRAFT's in her cell—
"The PASSIONS like to be where tempeſts blow—
"Go, Girl, enjoy thy fiſh, and flies, and doves;
"But ſuffer *me* to giggle with the *Loves*."

Thus

Thus ſhould I act—excuſe me, charming Saint;
An imp am I, in VIRTUE's cauſe ſo faint;
Like DAVID in his youth, a lawleſs ſwain!
Preferring (let me own with bluſhing face)
The ſtorms of PASSION to the calms of GRACE;
One ounce of *pleaſure* to a pound of *pain*.

FINIS.